

CUMBERLAND'S
No. 31. MINOR THEATRE, Pr. 6d
 BEING A COMPANION TO
Cumberland's British Theatre.

THE RUFFIAN BOY:

A MELO-DRAMA IN TWO ACTS,
 By THOMAS DIBDIN, Esq.
 Author of *The Cabinet*. *The Two Gregories*.
The English Fleet. *The Lady of the Lake*.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
 formed in the MERTROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with
 A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,
 By Mr. BONNER,
 from
 A Drawing taken in the Theatre
 by
 Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.



**LONDON: JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
 CAMDEN NEW TOWN.**

Sold by B. Steill, 20, Paternoster-row; Sherwood and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall, Longman,
 Rees, Orme, Brown and Green; Hurst, Chance and Co., London; J. Cumming, Dublin;
 Sutherland, Edinburgh; M'Phun, Glasgow; Jackson, New York; Lance, Paris, and
 G. BERGER, 42, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND.

CHEAP LITERATURE.

In Weekly Numbers, Price Twopence,

THE PERCY ANECDOTES;

By Sholto and Reuben Percy, Brothers of the Benedictine Monastery, Mont Beuger. Embellished with engraved Titles, and upwards of Two Hundred Portraits, Wood Engravings, and Vignettes.

"These are entertaining books for the grown-up lovers of Anecdote, and excellent presents for children. The work is handsomely got up."—*Literary Gazette.*

In Weekly Numbers, Price Threepence.

CUMBERLAND'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

Of Public Characters, with Original Memoirs.

In Weekly Numbers, Price Threepence.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES,

And other Poems; embellished with a Fine Portrait, Vignette Titles, and upwards of Twenty Engravings.

"No man hath began his education, if he hath not studied *Chaucer*,—and he, who hath so began it, let him go back and begin at the right end."—*Lord Bacon.*

In Weekly Numbers, Price Twopence.

CUMBERLAND'S THEATRICAL ILLUSTRATIONS,

Each Number containing a highly finished Portrait of a Celebrated Performer. Engraved on Steel, and Six Vignette Scenes from the most Popular Plays in *Cumberland's British and Minor Theatre.*

In Weekly Numbers, Price Twopence.

BERGER'S EDITION,

HUME, SMOLLETT, AND BURKE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND;

Embellished with upwards of One Hundred and Fifty beautiful Engravings.

Only half the price of former Editions. A New Edition in one Elegant Volume 32mo. Price 2s. 6d., neatly bound in Cloth.

BELSHAM'S CHRONOLOGY;

Including every Important Fact in Public History, Parliament, Police Reports, Prices Current, Statistics, Finance, Sciences, Literature, the Drama, Fine Arts, Births, Longevity, Phenomena, Inventions and Discoveries.

"A more useful, interesting, or better arranged pocket volume we never met with."—*Star.*

Only half the price of former Editions. A New Edition neatly bound in cloth, Price 2s. 6d.

FIELDING'S PROVERBS OF ALL NATIONS;

Ancient Pastimes, Hollidays, and Customs.

"This is really is a very neat, clever, and interesting volume."—*Literary Chronicle.*

**LONDON: J. CUMBERLAND, CUMBERLAND TERRACE
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.**

**G. BERGER, 42, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND; T. HURST, 65, ST.
PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.**



R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

The Russian Boy.

Giraldi. Start not—scream not! naught can save thee!

Act II. Scene 8.

THE RUFFIAN BOY:

A MELO-DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

BY THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ.

*Author of The Cabinet, The Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Jew and the Doctor,
Suil Dhuv the Coiner, The Sires, Man and the Marquis, The English Fleet,
Lady of the Lake, Paul Jones, Ivanhoe, Don Giovanni, The Two
Gregories, The Fate of Calus, Valentine and Orson, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

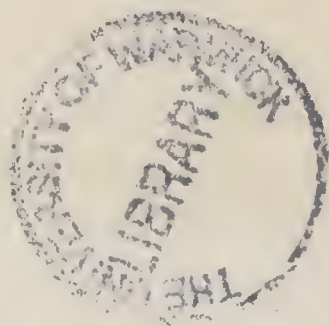
By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
WARWICK
LIBRARY

The Gift of
Mrs G. F. Hall



002102753

REMARKS.

The Russian Boy.

THE precocious pickpockets and infant depredators of the present day are nothing to Giraldi Duval, the Russian Boy :—

His father would have given pounds by twenties,
To bind him to some honest trade apprentice ;
To check his vicious habits in their growth ;
But this he spurn'd, and answered with an oath
For ere the down appear'd upon his chin,
He was, though young in years, mature in sin.*

Having fifteen years since been smitten with a favourite lass, and woo'd her as the lion woos his mate, but without success, he resolves not only to *speak* daggers, but to *use* them. In his hurry, he stabs the wrong person, an interesting young lady, whose mother of course runs mad, and, after the manner of dramatic maniacs, walks about in the dark, and opportunely meets the very persons whose nerves in particular it is intended she should astonish. Not content with *one* victim, vengeance unsatiated still burns within his bosom ; and the scene opens with Giraldi Duval, no longer a ruffian of tender years, but a mature cut-throat, wounded, and foiled in another attempt to use his dagger more effectually on his inexorable fair, who had in the interval become the wife of Baron Waldemar. Giraldi is the chief of a banditti.—Sated with one unvarying round of merriment, security, and plunder, of all of which they regularly partake in dull succession, Messrs. Bruno and Wolfe, two of the troop, long to enliven this monotony with a seasoning of rebellion.—“ Fie ! gentlemen (exclaims

* “ Virgil in London.”

Guiseppe, a rogue who can reason as well as rob—a murderer and a moralist, a filcher and a philosopher), keep the peace ; what's become of your *morality* ; where's your *sentiment*, and be *hang'd* to you ?"—This is good, and comes with equal grace from Signor Guiseppe, as do *liberty* and *philanthropy* from the lips of *modern theorists*, whose hearts never felt a generous sensation. Goldsmith has a happy hit at this species of self-delusion, in a scene drawn with admirable humour between a prisoner, a porter, and a soldier, in *The Citizen of the World*. "My dear friends," (quoth the *prisoner*, peeping through the grate), "*Liberty* is the Englishman's prerogative ; we must preserve *that* at the expense of our lives ; of *that* the French shall never deprive us."—"Ay," (cries the Porter, who had stopped to *rest his load*), "they are all slaves, fit only to *carry burthens*, every one of them."—"It is not so much our liberties" (rejoined the soldier), "as our *religion* that would suffer by such a change ; ay, *our religion*, my lads—may the devil sink me into flames, if the French should come over, but *our religion* would be utterly undone."

A feast is prepared to celebrate the baron's birthday, and the happy escape of his lady from the dagger of Giraldi Duval. The gang are not idle upon this occasion :—The favourite mastiff that flew at the throat of the Ruffian Boy, and defeated his bloody purpose, is poisoned by Guiseppe, who, when discovered, makes a comical exit, by throwing away his artificial leg and taking to his natural ones—a trick is then played upon the baroness, who is decoyed to the cottage of a confederate hag, where Giraldi lies concealed—a *rencontre* takes place between them, when Waldemar enters, the assassin escapes, and the beldam is taken into custody in his stead. We next discover him (and wonder how the devil he got there!) in a room in the castle, Guy Faux like, with a dark lantern. He repeats the stale jest of *irresistible fate* propelling him ; invokes

the shade of the deceased young lady ; and calls upon the old one ; and, hiding behind the arras, lays wait for his victim. As is usual on such occasions, her ladyship is seized with an indescribable sensation—no gossip's raging tooth or shooting corn ever presaged foul weather more truly than this nameless horror forebodes a deed of dreadful note : at this moment Giraldi Duval, dagger in hand, bursts from the tapestry, and is on the point of consummating his long-desired vengeance, when the walking maniac—

“ An old woman clothed in gray,
Whose daughter was charming and young”—

suddenly interposes between them, and thrusts her lamp full in his face—a circumstance that reminds us of the following epigram :—

“ Jack for his scolding master held the *light*,
When Tom declar'd his friend was far too civil
Jack smartly cry d—‘ The proverb says, “ ’tis right,
Sometimes *to hold the candle to the devil !* ” ’ *

Her ladyship is seized with a fainting fit, and Giraldi with one of the staggers. He is pursued—a desperate battle takes place between him and the baron, which ends in the ruffian's capture and consignment to prison, from which he is however released by Edith, the gaoler's daughter ; an old acquaintance, who, during his fifteen years' captivity under her father's roof, had conceived a passion for this juvenile lady-killer. To divert his wife's melancholy, the baron quits his gloomy castle for a dashing city hotel.—They repair to a masquerade (like the *Lord Chancellor*) in *domino*. Among the maskers are Wolfe, Guiseppe, and Bruno, disguised as monks, and Giraldi Duval as a priest. Strange conjunctions are witnessed at masquerades—an archbishop arm-in arm with a monkey ; and a lawyer hob-nob with the devil—

* The Editor.

“Jack Falstaff brought his bag of guts,
 And Poins was at his post;
 And old King Lear sat cracking nuts
 With Bardolph and the ghost.”*


Her ladyship *again* becomes disordered, which renders it expedient for his lordship to “go call a coach,” and get home. He throws off his blue domino, and sallies forth in quest of his retinue.—Giraldi seizes this last opportunity, steals forward, assumes the Baron’s disguise, and once more appears before Ethelinde.—His dagger is now raised to do the deed; when the monks slowly advance, and taking their comrade for Waldemar, against whom, for *his* sake, they had vowed vengeance, Wolfe, as their leader, stabs him to the heart.

The Ruffian Boy is taken from Mrs. Opie’s popular tale of the same name. If there be sin in *melodrame*, for Tom Dibdin, the incorrigible, there is no redemption:—

“Ah, *Tam!* ah, Tam! thou’lt get thy fairin,
 In hell they’ll roast thee like a herrin!”

Mr. Watkins Burroughs played Giraldi Duval in respectable style—but he is not half so great a ruffian, monster, or demon, as our infernal friend, T. P. Cooke.

“*Tom* sends us good meat—and the *Devil* sends *Cookes!*”

 D.—G.

* “*Ophelia Keen*,” A Dramatic Legendary Tale.

Costume.

BARON WALDEMAR.—Green velvet tunic, with crimson mantle, richly embroidered—white hose and shoes—handsome blue domino, for the masquerade scene.

ALFRED.—Sky-blue and white tunic, spangled—hat and feathers.

JULIO.—Ibid.

GIRALDI DUVAL.—Brown tabbed tunic and pantaloons, trimmed with red binding and steel buttons—russet boots.

WOLFE.—Red tabbed tunic—black pantaloons—russet boots.

BRUNO.—Green do. red do. do.

GUISEPPE.—Black do. blue do. do.
Bohemian caps and feathers, as Riber, Golotz, &c.—friars' gowns for disguises.

BERTRAM.—Brown doublet and trunk—red hose—leather belt, &c.

MAURICE.—Blue doublet—red trunks, trimmed with yellow—blue stockings—russet shoes

SOLOMON.—Ibid.

TIETWIG.—Green fly jacket and apron—yellow breeches—striped stockings—russet shoes.

BARONESS.—Pink satin dress, and white spangled drapery.

CATHARINE.—Blue bodice and apron—white petticoat—blue riband.

EDITH.—*First dress* : Fawn-coloured dress, trimmed with black.—*Second dress* : Brown dress, trimmed with red.

Robbers, Domestics, Masks, &c., similar to the characters.

Cast of the Characters.

As Performed at the Surrey Theatre.

Baron Waldemar	.	.	.	Mr. Gomersal.
Albert	{	<i>his Sons</i>	.	Master Meyers.
Julio			.	Master W. Elliott.
Giraldi Duval, the Ruffian Boy				Mr. Watkins Burroughs.
Wolfe,	{	<i>Robbers</i>	.	Mr. King.
Bruno,			.	Mr. Elsgood.
Guiseppe,			.	Mr. Mortimer.
Bertram, a Gaoler			.	Mr. Porteus.
Maurice			.	Mr. Hemming.
Solomon, Servant to the Baron			.	Mr. Sloman.
Tietwig, his Gardener			.	Mr. Conquest.
Ethelinde, Wife of the Baron			.	Miss Watson
Madame Steinheim			.	Mrs. Weston.
Catharine, the Baroness's	{	<i>Waiting-Maid</i>	.	Mrs. Davidge.
Christine, a Beggar-Girl			.	Mrs. Morris.
Edith, Daughter of the Gaoler			.	Mrs. Lewis.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance* ; C. D. *Centre Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. R.C. C. L.C. L.
 . The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience,

THE RUFFIAN BOY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Robber's Cave, amidst the Rocks.*

BRUNO, GUISEPPE, WOLFE, and Robbers discovered.

Bru. Comrades, we are too merry, by half: our cave defies all discovery, our captain's as brave as a lion, our plunder comes in as regularly as the sun goes down, and we are all so true to one another, that we might almost as well submit to a humdrum life of honesty at once.

Wolfe. Bruno, I esteem your principles, and like your notion;—this life grows insipid, and wants something to season it—what say you, lads, to a mouthful of mutiny, or a little bit of rebellion, just by the way of a frolic?

Gui. O, fie! gentlemen, keep the peace; don't give our enemies cause to cry out against us. What's become of your morality, gentlemen? Where's your sentiment? and be hanged to you! Do you never read? Do you never go to plays? Or can you be ignorant that your modern bandit has a sort of magnificence of soul, peculiar to himself? He robs the rich, because they have money; spares the poor, because they have none; is true to his captain, for fear of getting his brains blown out; and dies like a hero, when it's out of his power to live any longer.

Bru. True; but in that respect, your actor folks are luckier than us. when one of them goes off like a hero, he enjoys the applause that follows him; while, at our exit, though marked with enthusiastic shouts of approbation, we never have the honour of being announced for a second exhibition.

Wolfe. Well, but, comrade—if, for want of better pastime, we were to quarrel with our commander, what reason have we?

Gui. A robber with reason on his side! quite a new character. But come, I'll help you to a cause of discontent, which shall satisfy every one:—our captain is courageous, cool, skilful, and liberal, for he scarcely takes even his own share of the booty he fights for;—but then, instead of sticking, like an honest man, to plain “stand and deliver,” and confining his views fairly to “your money or your life,” he is hourly risking his safety, and our hard-earned property, to the desire of killing a lady, who never wears a watch at her girdle, and might perhaps die without a stiver in her work-bag.

Wolfe. (R.) Ay, ay; but he has cause, comrades! jealousy! revenge! Many years back, this lady slighted, scorned him, worked him to madness; and in his frenzy (deceived by similarity of dress), he killed another, when the blow was meant for her. He was then a lad, a boy fourteen years old. Sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years, he passed fifteen of them, brooding on revenge! fifteen years, comrades; think of that—but so disguised his feelings under the appearance of repentance, that the remainder of his sentence was forgiven.

Bru. And a fine use he has made of the indulgence! attached himself to us, rose to be our chief, and, after two unsuccessful attempts on the lady's life, has now a better chance than ever—since her husband, to get out of his way, has hired a castle, close to the very mouth of our recess.

Gui. I was a lady-killer myself, once. But where's our captain, now?

Wolfe. Lying in ambush somewhere.

Giraldi Duval. [Without, R. U. E.] Hollo, hollo!

Wolfe. Hark! stand to your arms.

MUSIC.—Enter GIRALDI DUVAL, down the rock, R. U. E., with a dagger in his hand, and covered with blood—they bring him a seat—he looks wildly around him.

Gir. Take off the dog! hush! is she yet alive? So, so—pardon me, comrades, but I've had a race for it—give me some wine, I faint with loss of blood.

Gui. (L.) A bottle and a bandage for the captain—but hadn't you better unload your pockets first—it's the weight of the plunder that incommodes you.

Gir. [Drinks wine.] Had not my conscience more to weigh me down than the dull dross I've taken from

the traveller, I would soon rise beyond your narrow thoughts. [*They murmur.*] Do you, then, murmur?—Harkye, sordid co-mates, there is a diamond cross—[*Gives one.*] and one not stolen—given by an infatuated fool, who wouldn't spare a florin to the poor, while she thus pays for hopes of vicious joys I ne'er shall realize: such wretches are fair game—take it among ye, generous associates; and now, if any frown or look askance upon your leader, wounded as he is, speak your resentments here, upon this sword, and if you can digest my answer to them——

[*Draws his sword.*]

Gui. Upon my honour, Wolfe, you're too bad: you ought to know that, in a life like our's, it's our duty to put up with every thing, and pocket all kind of crosses, especially when they come from our noble captain.

[*Pockets the cross.*]

Wolfe. Share and share alike.

Bru. Captain, your hand; we always said you were a gallant leader, and when we draw our swords, it shall be to defend you. Tell us how you got this mishap—he must have been a brave fellow—or perhaps a dozen, to do this.

Gir. It was a brute—more honest to his trust than some of us. Hear me: the opportunity I was so lately foiled in, of satiating the only passion left me—sweet revenge! seemed to recur. But now I saw her—Ethelride, the baron's hated wife, she whose scorn drove me to madness, and she for whom my erring dagger drank another's blood, did I behold within this very hour.

Gui. And by herself, captain?

Gir. No: a little beggar-girl sung sweetly to her for charity to her poor aged grandam—I know the hypocrite well—Ethelinde promised to visit the poor cottage this evening.

Bru. (L. C.) When the poor girl left her——

Gir. (C.) To rush from my concealment, grasp my victim, and brandish o'er her head the fatal steel, was but an instant's work—fool like, I stayed the fatal blow till I could thunder on her fleeting sense “Giraldi and revenge?”—Yet this gave time for a fierce mastiff to spring upon my arm and seize my throat—my shrieking victim 'scaped, while I with pain and difficulty shook off the savage, who followed, still anxious to preserve his mistress—fainting, I fell among the high-grown corn, and one who swiftly passed on horseback was pursued

so close instead of me, that I lay unobserved till all were gone, then sought the secret opening of our cavern, and have already planned a certain course still to accomplish the fell deed, for which I've sold myself—for which alone I condescend to live.

Gui. We wait your orders.

Gir. You, Guiseppe, assume the tattered garment of a beggar; go to the castle; when the dog approaches, throw him the poisoned savoury-scented food we keep for such occasions; should he eat, hasten to Wolfe and Bruno, whom you'll find at Margarete's cottage.

Bru. What, the hag, half blind, quite deaf, and——

Gir. I've commanded, comrades: that wretch, half bed-ridden, you must convey, without a moment's loss, down to this cave; then at night we'll meet and drink to the memory of Ethelinde—she then will be no more, and then we'll share our hoarded booty, and ye shall confess—yes, all of ye—ye had a captain once, who never kept the wages of your deeds, but scattered all among ye.

Wolfe. (R.) Well; but, captain——

Gir. You have heard me—go, I say. [Exit, R. S. E.]

Bru. Come, we have our orders; if we disobey, he'll blow the cavern up, or do some deed none but the devil knows: let us try for once to please him.

Gui. Now, then, for my beggar's habit—but how choaking a dog, and running away with an old woman is to do us a service——

Gir. [Without.] Are ye not gone, then?

Re-enter GIRALDI DUVAL, R. U. E., with a torch.

Gir. Hasten, ere this torch, applied to our store of powder, shall send ye quicker than ye think of, varlets.

Gui. We're ready—going, gone—oh, lud! oh, lud!

[Exeunt Robbers, hurrying off, C. F.—Giraldi Duval, R. U. E.]

SCENE II.—*A Gothic Room in the Castle—a door R. in the flat, and a door, L. S. E.*

Enter SOLOMON, L., with ALBERT and JULIO, the Baron's Children.

Sol. (C.) Come along, my dears, don't be frightened, don't cry, your manma's quite safe—Carlo's a good dog, the robber has run away, and we'll all go and play in some snug corner of the castle, with the door locked, for fear he should take it into his ugly head to come back again.

All. (R. c.) But why didn't Carlo bite off his head?

Sol. Carlo is hand and glove with the town hangman, my little poppet, and didn't choose to rob him of a job.

Jul. (L. c.) And won't papa stick him with his soldier's sword as soon as he comes home?—Oh, if I was a man, how I should like to cut six.

Sol. Cut six! why, then, you'd do for a dancing-master as well as a soldier.

Alb. [*Crosses, c.*] Oh, here comes our maid, Catharine; I'm sure, if she'd been here, she'd have frightened the rogue as much as she does you, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. She has the devil's own chatterbox, sure enough.

Enter CATHARINE, L.

Cat. Why, Solomon! Solomon, I say!—You are here, are you? And what are you about in this corner of the castle, when you ought to be on horseback with the rest, in search of that wretch Giral di, who has once more attacked the life of our dear lady?

Sol. I on horseback!—Oh, no, I'm protecting the dear little dumplings here. I go after the robbers, indeed! I've got into disgrace by following you so long.

Cat. Psha! You're afraid.

Sol. So I am. If I was to come up with him, I might kill him, or he might kill me; and there's been mischief enough already. It isn't for want of heart, I can tell you.

Cat. You a heart! It's only a gander's gizzard. And what business have you with the children, indeed? It's my place to take care of them.

Sol. I thought it was; and if you were to get your wages no oftener than you mind your business, I wouldn't give that for your place. [*Snapping his fingers.*]

Cat. [*Going up to him.*] Why, you impudent varlet!

Sol. Hands off!

Jul. [*Flourishing his sword.*] Touch Kitty and you die!

Cat. If you touch Solomon, I'll ready! shoot! bang! at you! [*Exeunt the Children, playing off, L. U. E.*]

Cat. Here's darlings for you.

Sol. Just like what we shall have ourselves.

Cat. Oh, yes; I dare say. We, indeed! There's much to be said before that happens.

Sol. And you're as capable of saying much as any body.

Cat. Besides, I'm engaged.

Sol. Well, so am I, if I like it.

DUET.—SOLOMON and CATHARINE.

AIR.—“*Maid of the Mill.*”

Sol. I've sweethearts a dozen,—

Cat. I've lovers a score :

There's Peter, and Maurice, and Fritz—

Sol. There's Charlotte, and Susan, Maria, and more,

For love are all out of their wits.

Cat. But, so spruce and so rosy, above all the rest,—

Sol. Now for it!—Lord, who can it be?

Cat. Tommy Tietwig, the gay, as his garden, is dress'd ;—

Sol. May go to old Harry, for me!

Cat. He's as smart as a carrot,—

Sol. No! Is he, indeed?

Cat. He blushes whenever I'm by.

Then he runs,—

Sol. Like an artichoke, running to seed.

Cat. He's a peach,—

Sol. With a gooseberry eye.

Cat. He's the pink of the mode, and he's worth near a plum,—

He's a rose without thorn, d'ye see ;—

Sol. Such nonsense don't tell me ; don't go for to come,—

Both. { *He* } may go to the devil for me !
 { *You* }

Cat. And now, my little dears, I'll take you to your mamma, who is quite impatient to see you after her flight.

Sol. [*Looking around.*] And where are the little dears !

Cat. Bless me, they'll fall down some of the corridor-stairs, or out of one of the turret-windows ! Solomon, you ought to be ashamed to take no more care of the children.

Sol. It's no business of mine to take care of the children, —You're nurse-maid, you know, and it's your place.

Alb. & } [*Calling without L.*] Kitty ! Kitty !
Jul. }

Cat. There ! something has happened, I'm sure ; and, if anything has, woe betide you, Mr. Solomon. [*Exit, L.*]

Sol. I don't know what they christened me Solomon for, unless to point me out as the greatest fool in the family. Solomon was a wise man, yet all his wisdom amounted to what Kitty teaches me every hour,—woman is vanity, and men are just what the women chuse to make 'em. She was glad enough to let me take care of the children, when she wanted to meet young Tietwig, the gardener, among the raspberries. And now, because he has given her the slip, she comes and Solomon's me,

and pretends to—Dam'me, if I stand any more of it. She may think as she will, but Solomon wouldn't let her go on at this rate, if she were the Queen of Sheba.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*The Castle Hall.*

Enter ETHELINDE, *with* ALBERT and JULIO, L., CATHARINE *following.*

Eth. Yes, dearest prattlers, that I am safe you may thank the faithful Carlo.

Alb. He shall have all my dinner for a month, and all my playthings, too.

Jul. And I'll teach him to cut six with the broadsword. [Shout without, L.]

Eth. Sure, 'twas the voice of joy!

Cat. They've taken the ruffian, I dare say.

Eth. Oh, let me not see him; his eyes would kill me! Come, my loves, let us fly.

Cat. Nay, 'tis the Baron, my master.

Enter WALDEMAR, L.

Wal. [*Embracing Ethelinde.*] May that kind heaven which has preserved my Ethelinde, accept a husband's and a father's thanks.

Eth. Oh, leave me not again, my Waldemar; this, of all others, is your birth-day, too. We had prepared a little festival; but now, all is o'erclouded; I fear Giral-di, though unseen, lurks to complete his twice-attempted crime.

Wal. Lurk where he will, my vengeance shall detect him. I will not quit thee, love, not for an instant.

Eth. For one thing I bless heaven: Giral-di does not aim at thine or at my children's lives. I am alone the object of his revenge. Ah! why did not his dagger, when, with mistaken aim, it struck my cousin,—dear murdered Mina,—why did it not take this life?

Wal. Because thou art born for happiness, for pleasure. [*Shout, L.*] Nay, hark! our tenants and our friends approach to hail this double holiday; and the theme of their glad song will be thy preservation, and thy husband's birth.

Alb. Oh, mamma, mamma, let Catharine take us to see the dancing, won't you?

Jul. And there'll be fireworks and sky-rockets—only brother's afraid of them.

Eth. Go, my children,—I'll follow with your father.

Cat. Come along. There's Mr. Tietwig, the gardener, has got roses for you.

Alb. He's your sweetheart, Kitty.

Cat. Mine ! for shame, child !

Jul. Yes ; I heard a loud kiss, when——

Alb. O, fie ! When did I ever kiss and tell ?

Cat. Come, we shall lose all the sport.

[*Exeunt Catharine, Albert, and Julio, L.*]

Eth. I have one visit to pay I may not dispense with, Waldemar.

Wal. Visit, my love ! Punctilio now were madness I'll go, and carry your excuse.

Eth. I thought you would not quit me. Nay, 'tis a poor old dame, bedridden, in affliction, and in a cottage close within our grounds. Yourself or Maurice can go with me. I never break my word. And Carlo, too, that good, kind, faithful dog, he shall go with me.

Wal. We'll all go with you. But, dear Ethelinde, how is our maniac friend, poor Madame Steinheim ? Have you played her favourite air to-day ?

Eth. I'm going to her now—alas ! she daily takes me for her murdered daughter, for her whose death I innocently caused—she calls me Mina still, but always fainter ; I fear her hour approaches, and e'en now she looks the pallid spectre of her former self.

Wal. Go, pay your accustomed duty—I'll remain and watch the door that leads to her apartment ; yes, Ethelinde, to-day I will not quit thee further than where thou art now going.

Eth. And may this day with many a blessed return bring happiness to Waldemar. [Exit, R. D. F.]

Wal. A husband's arm should be as certain as a robber's, and woe to the ruffian who approaches.

Enter SOLOMON, L., blubbering.

Sol. Oh, my lord ! oh, master !

Wal. What now, simpleton ? are the children safe ?

Sol. They are—but it isn't that I'm vexed at.

Wal. I hope not.

Sol. Nor it isn't because Catharine is courting young Tietwig, the gardener.

Wal. But your lady's safe, and in that chamber.

Sol. Nor it isn't that, neither.

Wal. Don't stand there, blubbering about what it isn't, but tell me what it is.

Sol. It's a sad thing, sir: I've lost a friend, and my lady has lost a friend, and the children have lost a friend.

Wal. Speak, sirrah, what friend?

Sol. What friend! why, a black and white one, with a curly tail; and after all I've done for him, too—little did I think, when I drowned his five brothers and sisters, and saved him to bring up with my own hands, that ever he would prove such an ass as to let himself be poisoned with a piece of chuck steak.

Wal. A black and white friend, with a curly tail, poisoned—you don't mean——

Sol. Yes, I do, sir; I mean Carlo: he lived like a gentleman, and died like a stupid dog, as he was. Some gipsy did it, enticed him behind a hedge, and when he came back foaming, for it made quick work with him, he wagged his tail at Catharine, as much as to say "good by to you," barked like a sensible dog at Tietwig, the gardener, gave me a pitiful look, fell down at the feet of the children, and conspired like a hero.

Wal. Carlo poisoned! we must beware, then—not a word of this in your lady's hearing, it would too justly alarm her: look well about, try if you can find the gipsy, and give me notice. Hush!

Enter ETHELINDE, R. D. F.

Wal. Your visit has been short, love.

Eth. (L.) My poor friend sleeps—come, we will go and see the sports; and, Solomon, call Carlo to us—I have scarce seen him since he preserved my life, and I wouldn't have anything happen to him for more than I will say.

Sol. (R.) Oh, lord! oh, lord!

Eth. What's the matter?

Sol. Nothing's the matter, my lady, only——

Wal. (C.) Only, Solomon's jealous of the gardener; he had a quarrel with Catharine, and—never mind, Solomon, mind what I told you—keep your own counsel, and the object of your regrets shall be restored to you.

Eth. That it shall, if I have any influence.

[*Exeunt Ethelinde and Waldemar, L.*]

Sol. The object of my regrets shall be restored to me!

—lord, how this world is given to lying!—Poor Carlo! if he wasn't dead, how angry I should be with him for having been such a fool as to get poisoned; to have been bred up in our kitchen, and then, like a stupid son of a beast as he was, not to know a chuck steak and arsenic-sauce from the delightful tit-bits of cut-and-come again I used to sarve him out with. [Exit, L.]

SCENE IV.—*A Romantic View before the Castle—a gate, c., and garden-seats, L.—MUSIC.—Peasants discovered, dancing.*

Enter WALDEMAR, ETHELINDE, CATHARINE, SOLOMON, ALBERT, and JULIO, at the gate, c., and take their seats, L.—*Ethelinde is asked to dance by Solomon—Waldemar presses it, leads out a female Peasant, and gives his pistols to Solomon—as they are going to dance, a little girl enters, L., and asks Ethelinde to visit her sick mother.*

Eth. Waldemar, forgive me—I'll dance at my return. I am reminded of a neglected promise—we shall have no good fortune if we do not perform our duty. My friends, partake the refreshments provided within, and we will dance at my return. [Exit with the Beggar-Girl, L.]

Wal. I am ready to go with you—in, in, my friends—he who shall make most free will be most welcome.

[Exit Peasants at the gate, c.—Catharine and the Children, L.—Waldemar is going through the gate, as Solomon pulls him by the cloak.]

Sol. Sir—my lord, the gipsy who pois——

Wal. Hush!

Sol. He's there—look.

Enter GUISEPPE, R. U. E.

Wal. Keep close to your lady, Solomon—I follow

[Exit Solomon, L.]

Gui. Do, your honour's worship, on your lordship's birth-day, give me a trifle: a poor lame fellow creature—I have no more use in this arm, your honour, than I have in this; [Shaking a bludgeon,] and cou'dnt get my hand this high, [Pulls off his cap] if you'd give me the world.

Wal. Impostor!

Gui. Nay, your worship; consider, this day is remarkable for——

Wal. The death of a favourite servant, of my dog—a

crime not more terrific than its punishment shall be.—
What, ho!

Gui. Nay, my lord, do not call; for, though your dog be dead, I've one here can bark and bite, too—only speak a word, and you are dead. [*Presents a pistol.*]

Wal. Nay, villain! there we're even. [*Misses his own.*]
Confusion!

Gui. May be so; only stay there till——

[*Throwing down his wooden leg, and running off, R. U. E.*]

Enter Peasants, L., who follow Waldemar, in pursuit of Giuseppe, R. U. E.

SCENE IV.—Outside of a Cottage.

MUSIC.—*Enter BRUNO and WOLFE, L., leading out OLD MARGARETTA from a door in the flat—she supplicates, they give her money, and take her off, R.*

MUSIC.—*Enter GIRALDI DUVAL, L.—he sees that Margaretta is gone from the cottage, draws his dagger, and rushes hastily into it.*

Enter CHRISTINE and ETHELINDE, L.

Eth. (L.) Is this the cottage?

Chr. (C.) Yes, lady; here my poor grandmother awaits your charity.

Eth. Open the door, I follow. [*Exit Christine into the cottage.*] Waldemar! [*Calling.*]

Enter SOLOMON, L.

Sol. The Baron, my lady, is close to us—I'll stay at the door and wait for him.

Re-enter CHRISTINE, from the cottage.

Chr. She has not yet awoke from her sleep, good lady:—won't you rest awhile?

Sol. Do, if it's only till the Baron comes; you'll be safe in that cottage.

[*Music.*—*Ethelinde and Christine go into the cottage—Christine comes out with flowers for the children—a scream is heard—Ethelinde rushes out, pursued by Giraldu Duval, with Margaretta's drapery hanging on one arm, and a dagger in his hand—Solomon recollects his master's pistols, and fires both—Waldemar rushes in, and bears off Ethelinde in his arms, L.*]

Sol. [*Standing with the pistols.*] Murder! murder! master didn't give me the pistols for nothing.

Enter CATHARINE, L. S. E.

Sol. Ah, Catharine! my heart's no better than a gander's gizzard. Carry these pistols to Mr. Tietwig, bid him reload them, and if he has a spirit to use them, dam' me if I won't have a pop at him—go——

Cat. Nay, now—but, Mr. Solomon——

Sol. Don't Solomon me. [*Looking off, R.*] Eh! here comes the disguised devil back again.

Re-enter MARGARETTA, R., and Peasants, L.

Sol. That's him! [*Pointing to Margarett.*] Hold him fast!—it's no woman, but the Ruffian Boy!—bring him along.

[*Solomon and the Peasants seize Margarett, and force her off, L.*]

END OF ACT I

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Gothic Room in the Castle.*

Enter SOLOMON, L.

Sol. I hope there'll be a war soon; it certainly is a shame for a young man of spirit to be pent up in a corner of the world, like this. I wonder I hav'nt heard from young Tietwig—oh, here comes Catharine, humbled enough, by this time, I dare say:—well, brave men should be generous—I'll mortify her a little at first, and then condescend to be reconciled. You may come in, young woman.

Enter CATHARINE, crying, R.

Sol. Come, don't be cast down, child:—why don't you speak?

Cat. [*Seeming ready to burst.*] Can't, I can't indeed.

Sol. And why not, my gentle Kitty?

Cat. I can't for laughing! ha, ha, ha

Sol. Indeed! and who are you laughing at?

Cat. Only at you, you are so brave—without knowing

it, too ; frightened into a bit of valour, you fired two pistols at once, killed nobody, and took an old woman prisoner. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha !

Sol. Well, and ha, ha, ha ! again—that's more than Mr. Tietwig dare say to me.—He received my message I suppose ?

Cat. Yes ; he has reloaded the pistols.

Sol. With cherry-stones ?

Cat. No, sir ; with ball and powder ; and begs you'll meet him directly, at the bottom of the chestnut-walk.

Sol. O, lord ! I—that is, does he think that you can find nothing better to do than to send me to neglect my duty on the other side of the castle while he fires his popguns close to my lady's window—besides, the place is too public, and the thing might become known to the whole castle : [*Loud.*] not but what, if you insist on my fighting a duel with my friend Tietwig—[*Aside.*] I wish somebody would come by.—I assure you, that—

Enter MAURICE, L.

Ah, Maurice, you hav'nt been listening, I hope—don't be alarmed—I'm not going to meet anybody in the chestnut-walk ; so don't fetch the officers, or alarm the house. Harkye, [*Loud in Catharine's ear.*] tell him I shall not fail—Tietwig, thy hour approaches—seven paces, hair-triggers loaded to the muzzle--slugs and a saw-pit.

[*Exit, L.—it begins to grow dark.*]

Mau. Why, lord, Mrs. Catharine, he's not going to—

Cat. Not he, indeed ; only you keep as quiet as he will, and we shall disturb nobody.

Mau. But how's my lady ? eh, Mrs. Catharine ?

Cat. Better ; but determined never to quit the castle again, till Giraldi is a prisoner, or hanged ; and one will follow pretty close on the other, at least I hope so : is there any news of him ?

Mau. He must be the devil, I think :—one of our folks had nearly overtook him, when he sunk down into the very middle of the ground, and left a blue flame behind him.

Cat. Mercy on us ! I'd give the Baron warning, but he has made up his mind to leave this place, and settle in a city, where there'll be balls, and plays, and—[*A groan heard, R. D. F.*] Lord ! what was that ?

Mau. 'Twas the mad lady—she whose daughter was killed instead of the baroness.

Cat. Why, to be sure, I know that: you didn't think I was frightened, did you? This is the time she takes her solitary walk among these corridors and visters and long rows of posteses—my lady begs she may not be disturbed, and as we have quite enough of the dismals already, I'll walk with you to the other side of the castle.

Mau. Do they trust her with a lamp?

Cat. O, yes; come, come; if she sees us, she—she'll be frightened.—O dear me, I blamed poor Solomon for want of courage just now, and though I am a woman, hang me if I don't think I am the greatest coward of the two.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

MUSIC.—*The door, R. F., opens—MADAME STEINHEIM in a gray dress, with a long floating white drapery, comes forward, looks vacantly around, takes a picture from her bosom, kisses it, seems to tell in action that it represents her daughter who was stabbed, puts it up, heaves a deep sigh, and exit slowly, L.—stage quite dark.*

MUSIC.—*Enter GIRALDI DUVAL, at the door, L. S. E., with a dark lantern, surveys the room, hears a noise, hides his light, listens, shows the light, and comes forward.*

Gir. Whatever watchful power has thrice preserved her, that power must have also aided me. Is it not strange, that, warned so many times, I still should persevere? It will be so, though fifteen years have passed—fate irresistible propels me forward—my doom is fixed—but she—she must and shall accompany my fate. Oh! shade of her I slew!—oh! childless mother of that hapless fair one, thou, too, art perhaps no more; and now your spirits join to keep alive this fever in my blood—'tis here my punishment, and will be so hereafter. The vassal's double aim missed through his dastard trembling; and from their search, by secret ways, I have found a desperate shelter, within these very walls, while their pursuit has led them far away;—but soft, she comes,—the husband, too—this room is dark, 'twill be my hiding-place.

[*Exit, R. D. F.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter WALDEMAR and ETHELINDE, preceded by a Servant with candles, L.*

Wal. The girl is innocent; the witch-looking crone, I

fear, was not so : all pursuit seems vain—this demon still evades us—to morrow, love, we move into the town—society shall guard us, while my life and fortune shall be spent in hunting forth this bane to our enjoyments. When you have visited your melancholy charge, we will to bed.

[*Gives Ethelinde a light, takes the other, and dismisses the Servant, L.*

Eth. I shall not long detain you. Oh, my husband, another such a desperate attempt will be sufficient for his dreadful purpose, without his dagger's point.

[*Exit, R. D. F.*

Wal. Fear not ; I will wait upon you. What light is yonder ?—"Tis the poor maniac—she turns at seeing me—I'll shield the light this way, that she may pass uninterrupted.

[*Exit, L. S. E.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the Castle—a bed, R.—tapes-try of three figures on the flat—stage half dark.*

ETHELINDE discovered.

Eth. How silent not a breath ! some nameless horror steals across my senses—should my friend be no more—I'll call my husband—Ethelinde, for shame ! hast thou done ill ?—Can death, the death of one thou hast befriended, affright thee ?—Rouse, woman ! she but sleeps, or, if not, has but left a mortal form to add to angel's. [*Music.—She goes towards the bed, opens the curtains with hesitation, and pauses.*] Not here ! well—why palpitates my heart ?—"Tis her custom sometimes to wander—ah ! see ! I am deceived, or does that ghastly form—what form—the picture—does it gaze upon me ?—Can those eyes move ?—Alas, my husband ! Waldemar, where art thou ?

Enter GIRALDI DUVAL, bursting from the tape-try, C. F.

Duv. Silence, on thy life ! what, fainting ! wake and hear me—thy days and mine are numbered—every power combines to work my will—ah ! peace ! I charge thee—for thy pride, thy cruelty and scorn, did I, the Ruffian Boy, as they then termed me, murder thy friend for thee—methinks I see her now, blackening in death—her mother, too—methinks I see her spectral form, in agony, pronounce me—

MUSIC.—Enter MADAME STEINHEIM, suddenly, L. U. E., and holds the lamp in his face.

Mad. S. The murderer of my child !

[A momentary pause—Giraldi staggers, and she repeats “the murderer of my child !” Ethelinde sinks at her feet—Giraldi rushes out, and the scene closes.]

SCENE III.—*The Gothic Apartment in the Castle, as before.*

Enter WALDEMAR, with his sword drawn, and a light, L. S. E.

Wal. She has gained the room ! a death-like scream assailed my ear. I’ll enter, whatever the intrusion.

[Music.—As he is going to D. F., Giraldi Duval staggers out of the room—Waldemar attacks him—Giraldi knocks his light out with his sword—they feel for each other’s sword—a desperate combat ensues—Waldemar rings a side bell, R.—the castle is alarmed, and Servants enter with torches, and after a desperate resistance, Giraldi is dragged off, followed by Waldemar.]

SCENE IV.—*The Garden of the Castle—moonlight.*

MUSIC.—Enter MAURICE, L., crosses to R., calls the guard, who enter, R., and exeunt, L.—Enter BRUNO, GUISEPPE, and WOLFE, L. S. E.

Bru. Caution, friends—silence, the family are in motion, and, as I feared, he’s taken.

Wolfe. We’ll rescue him, or die.

Gui. It don’t appear to me we shall do either one or t’other, just yet—their party is too strong ; we had better watch what prison they take him to, and then stratagem will do more than fighting, towards getting him out, for it was ever a maxim with—

Bru. Peace with your maxims and your proverbs ! what do we want at such a time as this with your sayings and your saws ?

Gui. Saw’s are of no use now ; but when he gets his fetters on, I’ve got one here that [Showing one.] has more teeth than tongue.

Wolfe. Retire, he’s coming.

[They hide, R. S. E.—Giraldi Duval is brought on in chains, guarded, L.—he testifies his rage, anguish, and despair—

shows a concealed dagger, which Maurice discovers, and the Guards take it from him—he rushes out in agony, R.—Bruno, Wolfe, &c., advance, and follow off, R.—Solomon peeps on, L.—lights up.

Sol. He's gone, he's gone, he's gone, and I'll see, at an awful distance, which way those three respectable gentlemen are going: I'll not go too near, for fear of accidents. [Exit, R.]

Enter CATHARINE, L.

Cat. Thank heaven, my lady and the whole family are going to leave this dismal castle directly, and stay at the grand hotel in the city, till we can get a house: the carriages are ordered, and while they're all in a bustle, I must have a parting joke with my poor sim-pleton sweethearts.—Solomon believes that his rival is ready with a pair of horse pistols, and I've persuaded poor Tietwig that Solomon has loaded a double-barrel blunderbuss to blow him out of the field—here he comes.

Enter TIETWIG, L.

Cat. I'm glad you're true to your appointment, and all I have to advise you is, not to let your passion run away with you.

Tie. No; I shall most likely run away of my own accord.

Cat. Ah! that would be a shame: but come, I see how it is—I've taken great pains to get him to meet you.

Tie. Thank ye; but if he thinks it a trouble——

Cat. He does; and as he is so very ferocious, I have endeavoured to compromise matters—you're not fond of money, are you?

Tie. Not so fond as I am of you.

Cat. Psha! I mean, you would not, to preserve a purse of gold, have a skinful of bullets.

Tie. Oh, lord, no! I'd rather my pockets were turned inside out.

Cat. Well, then, I've promised that you shall give him two double pistoles, to keep all quiet and end the matter amicably.

Tie. That I would, if I had them; but won't the value do as well?

Cat. Better: he's coming—stand aside—I'll make him put away his blunderbuss, and to-morrow I'll decide who shall be my husband.

Tie. Sweet peach-blossom, I grow upon thy promises.
[Retires, L.]

Enter SOLOMON, R.

Sol. They're together again; and, by Jupiter, I've a great mind to—but, maybe, he has the pistols in his pocket.

Cat. Ah, Solomon, I must say how d'ye do and good by in a breath; my lady's waiting for me, Mr. Tietwig's waiting for you, and as the carriages are getting ready the sooner to leave the castle, you'd better settle your matters directly, and leave all quarrels behind you.

Sol. Has he got the pistols?

Cat. But, as I thought death and slaughter two very disagreeable things—there's no accounting for opinion—

Sol. No; and, what's very odd, I've much the same opinion of 'em myself.

Cat. So, I've told him, that you prefer a wife to a sack of gold.

Sol. Eh, a peck or a bushel, perhaps.

Cat. I said a sack, and that you had got a little leather pouch well rammed down with vails and wages, which you call your blunderbuss, and if I say I'll have you, you'll give——

Sol. No, I won't; how am I to keep a wife if——

Cat. Well, I'll leave all that to your own settling: only speak civilly to him, and he'll not be hard with you, though he is in a most dragon-like rage, that's certain.

Sol. Well, I will; but don't you think it's fear—only I've seen a sight just now——

Cat. But what did you see?

Sol. Three men—robbers they looked like—watching the guards as they carried off Giraldi; at a convenient distance I watched them; suddenly, they all sunk into the ground, and while I stood with my mouth open and my hair gradually lifting my hat off my head, three priests or monks rose from the same spot—"Benedicite," said one, as he passed close by me—"Benedicite," said a second, as he clapped down my hat—and "Benedicite," said the third, as he tweaked my nose, and gave me such a whiff of aqua vitæ, as clean took away my breath.

Cat. Aqua vitæ! that must have been a spirit, and one that bodes no good to the castle; so I'll hasten our departure; make haste—remember your blunderbuss,

[*Running to Tietwig.*] Don't forget your double pistoles, and follow like friends, or you'll be left to the mercy of the banditti.

[*Exit, L.*

Sol. [*Looking at Tietwig.*] What a formal stupid prig it looks like—who'd ever think he could be in a passion?

Tie. There's malice in his manner, forsooth; he's on the fidgets to be at me. [*Crossing to Solomon.*] Friend Solomon, I'm glad to see thee.

Sol. How damned civil you duelists always are—friend Tietwig, this is rather an awkward business, but as the sooner disagreeable things are settled, the better—now, don't fly off—I see how it is, you are impatient for the contents of my blunderbuss.

Tie. No; I can contrive for that matter, to wait your convenience.

Sol. That's very well said; how facetious courage can make a man: but you mustn't expect all—it's well rammed down; but I wish to keep some of the contents for Catharine and myself, after I have done with you; and I should hope your heart is not so tough but that a little of the small shot will serve your turn, and lay your pretensions at rest for ever.

Tie. [*Aside.*] Was there ever such a cool murderous thief! he'll be the death of all three of us. [*Aloud.*] I was in hopes that Mrs. Catharine had convinced you that part of my small shot will not answer my purpose.

Sol. Well, then, if you are so determined, you shall have it all.

Tie. No, no, I am armed with what will render that unnecessary—two double pistoles.

Sol. Pistoles! the puritanical puppy! he can't even name his weapons like a gentleman.

Tie. Which I will incontrovertibly fetch.

Sol. Oh, what, you hav'nt got 'em here?

Tie. No.

Sol. [*Aside.*] Then I'll blow him up. Sirrah, sirrah, how dare you come to the field without your pistoles, as you call them?—You expect me, no doubt, to have all my ammunition in my pocket?

Tie. There would be no room in your pocket for what I expected.

Sol. The greedy rogue! I have mine about me.

Tie. Don't, don't produce it, for the love of heaven, and I'll fetch mine directly.

Sol. You coward!

Tie. Stop, I've found them ; you know the bargain, and here's at you directly. [Pulls out money.]

Sol. Indeed ! well, then, if there's no help——

[Pulls out a bag.]

Tie. [Putting money in Solomon's hand.] There.

Sol. What's this ?—Oh, oh, I smoke—oh, that jade, Catharine ! What, then, you won't accept the contents of my blunderbuss ?—Then come along, and may every duel be thus honourably compromised, especially when I have the honour to be one of the parties. [Exeunt, L.]

SCENE V.—A Prison.

MUSIC.—GIRALDI DUVAL led on, L., by BERTRAM and Guards—his chains are made fast to a pillar, C.—the Guards go off—Bertram remains.

Ber. You'll excuse our strictness, but you were with us fifteen years, and your sanctified manner deceived us—we are ordered to look sharp after you : then there's my daughter, she grieved herself sick after you left us, and is so overjoyed at your return, that she'll want a little looking after, too. Don't fret : you'll be tried to-morrow, and then your troubles will soon end—at least, I hope so, for we shall want this cell next week, for one who is said to be, though I don't believe it possible, a greater rogue than you are. [Exit, L.]

Gir. So, foiled at last ; these chains are strong, but I have known some stronger—did he not say his daughter yet remembered,—I think that road may point to my escape, and vengeance yet be gratified.

Re-enter BERTRAM, 1.

Ber. A priest would see you.

Gir. Let me not be plagued.

Ber. He's one of your mute orders—spoke not a word, but bade this purse speak for him ; he gave this card, on which is written, "*Be constant to the last.*"

Gir. Indeed ! admit him ; 'tis a sign I'm well acquainted with.—I was not wrong in my conjecture.

Bertram shows in a Monk, L., and exit—the Monk looks around, slowly raises his cowl, opens his robe, and the dress of a female appears.

Gir. Edith !

Edith. Yes : in misery you now can recollect me ; but,

since you have been free, where then was Edith? Not in your thoughts a moment.

Gir. 'Tis no time for your upbraiding, Edith, nor ought it to rouse your jealousy to know that another woman has employed my thoughts; but not her love—no, no, my girl, her death is what I sought! then break these fetters—be my wish once more gained, with thee and joy, the world shall be before me.

Edith. Traitor! I have the power, if well assumed—

Gir. Peace! some one comes.

Enter BERTRAM, L.

Ber. Three more priests wish to see you. What an unconscionable fellow you must be; if you die, it won't be without the benefit of clergy—they send a token, too; [*Shows a diamond cross.*] but it's of some value—it must rest here as a sort of hostage.

Gir. Willingly—this father will not mind their presence. [*Exit Bertram, L.*] Walk aside in yon dark corner; I know who these are, and will despatch them quickly.

[*Edith retires, R. S. E.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* WOLFE, BRUNO, and GUISEPPE, as monks, L.

Wolfe. Captain!

Bru. Giraldi!

Gui. Brave Duval, we come to say we will leave no stone unturned to gain your liberty; and, if we fail, though we don't aspire to the honour of being woman-killers, yet we promise to revenge your cause, upon the heartless husband.

Gir. That blow, at least, will reach her bosom. Well, I do accept your offer, gratefully: let Waldemar expire—nor be surprised if I myself yet live to find the way to her proud heart my love could never penetrate;—my time is precious; I have here a friend I can, I think, depend on for escape. Adieu! when next we meet, our word shall be, vengeance and Ethelinde.

Monks. Vengeance and Waldemar. [*Exeunt Monks, L.*

Gir. Now, Edith, hither—these chains forbid my near approach, but sit; appear to read, while we may plan, what shall, by giving me freedom here, lose it to you for ever.

[*Begins to file his chains with an instrument which Bruno has given him, previous to going off—Bertram hears a noise, and enters—they desist, Edith appears to read, he goes off, L., and the scene closes.*

SCENE VI.—*An Elegant Modern Room.*

Enter WALDEMAR and ETHELINDE, L.

Wal. Nay, this abode is cheerful—'tis the first hotel this city boasts of—it will remove your melancholy thoughts to see their sports : a masquerade—a scene you never witnessed, shall to-night make you forget past cares.

Eth. How can I?

Wal. You could not, while the danger might return ; but now he's taken, safe within a dungeon,—I saw him fettered, and his life is forfeit.

Eth. You saw him ? Are you sure ?

Wal. Certain ; besides, we have removed so suddenly, no one can tell where we at present are.

Eth. Should we then venture out ?

Wal. Only to this kind of festival, where every one is in disguise, and masked : see, here are dominos for each.

Enter CATHARINE, with dominos, L.

Wal. This blue is mine.

Cat. And this, madam, is delightful ; it will become you to a miracle.

Wal. Nay, Ethelinde, it shall be so ; stay but an hour, and I will return with you, whenever you shall wish—

Eth. Where is it held ?

Wal. Not far hence—order our servants—come, if we do not divert this useless musing, 'twill end in madness—come. [*Exeunt*, R.]

Cat. And I and Solomon, with his simple rival, will go, and see if any one will know us—I'll devise some proper dresses for us, too [*Exit*, L.]

SCENE VII.—*A Front Street.*

MUSIC.—*Monks pass across, from L. to R.*—BRUNO, WOLFE, and GUISEPPE, L., as monks.

Wolfe. I have discovered, by a chattering maid, that Waldemar wears a blue domino, with ribands—you'll know him.

Gui. Be quiet, you'll be heard.—The carriages set

down, by yonder portico—let's go and watch, they will not come this way. [*Exeunt, R.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter* EDITH, L., *in disguise, leading* GIRALDI DUVAL, *as a priest.*

Edith. 'Twere madness to go forward—you are free—why rush into fresh danger?

Gir. If you do not like it, quit me; we will meet an hour hence, at the western portal; if you remonstrate longer, I'll proclaim my crime, and yours:—this is the very house where Mina fell—and here I'll execute my project, or die. [*Exit, R.*]

Edith. Then, though it be death, I follow thee, inexorable man.

SCENE VIII.—*A Splendid Ball-Room—supper-room in the background, illuminated with variegated lamps.*

Fandango and grand ballet—the three Monks are occasionally seen, also Giraldi and Edith—the Music dies away, and Catharine, Solomon, and Tietwig come forward.

Sol. Well, I declare they are all moving off—I saw a monkey take an archbishop under the arm, and a lawyer hob-nob with the devil.

Cat. They're going to supper—shall we follow them?

Tie. Yes, forsooth; but I wish my mask was as hungry as myself, for I can't get it's mouth open.

[*They retire to the supper-room.*]

Enter WALDEMAR and ETHELINDE, R.—*Giraldi is seen watching them.*

Wal. Nay, thou wilt sup, love.

Eth. No.

Wal. What means this faintness?

Eth. [*Looking around.*] 'Tis the very room, the very spot—it seems as if the innocent blood of Mina yet stained the floor—oh, Waldemar, fly! seek our servants—the room is cleared—I will remain alone.

Wolfe. [*The three Monks coming forward.*] Not yet, we are observed—you know him now—you'll recollect his dress. [*They retire up,*]

Wal. Nay, rouse thee, Ethelinde, I'll seek our people—this dress impedes me—I'll leave it, and resume it at my return.

[Throws it on a sofa, R., and exit.—Ethelinde sits on a sofa,
L.—Giraldi comes forward, and puts on the domino.

Gir. Ethelinde!

Eth. Is all ready?

Gir. Yes, thy time is come—know'st thou this scene of blood?—I bless the accident that saved thee from, to give me this addition to revenge, that it takes place here, in the very hall where thou didst scorn and scoff the Ruffian Boy—where thy friend felt the blow he meant for thee, and where now—start not, scream not, naught can save thee, for fate delivers thee at last to——

[Raises his dagger—the Monks slowly advance, and Wolfe stabs him.

Wolfe. Vengeance on Waldemar for lost Giraldi.

Gir. Fools! let me yet——

[Falls.

Wolfe. Giraldi! where, then, is Waldemar?

Enter WALDEMAR, R.

Wal. Here!

[The Monks try to escape—Ethelinde screams—they all rush forward—the Robbers are seized—Giraldi dies—a general picture is formed, and the curtain drops.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

<i>Guards.</i>		<i>Masks.</i>		<i>Masks.</i>
BRUNO.	{ GIRALDI. }	WAL.	ETH.	WOLFE. GUI.
	{ dead. }			

THE END.

CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH AND MINOR THEATRE:

COMPRISING ALL THE BEST

Tragedies—Comedies—Operas—Farces—Melodrams, and Interludes,
WITH REMARKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

THIS Work is correctly marked with the Stage Business of the Metropolitan Theatres, and from its great utility is universally patronised by the Theatrical Profession, and is in constant use for Prompt and Part Books, in the London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and American Theatres.

Each Play is embellished with a highly finished full-length Portrait of a celebrated Performer, in a favourite character, engraved on Steel, from an original Drawing by Mr. Wageman, or Mr. Buss; or an interesting Scene, engraved by Mr. Bonner, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LIST OF THE PLAYS ALREADY PUBLISHED,

Price 6d. each, a few very expensive Copyrights 1s. each

VOL. I.		VOL. XIV.	
1 Romeo and Juliet	48 Coriolanus	92 Disagreeable Surprise	135 Who wants a Guinea, 1s.
2 She Stoops to Conquer	49 Every One has his Fault	93 The Stranger	136 Poor Soldier
3 Macbeth	VOL. VIII.	94 Village Lawyer	137 Midsummer Night's Dream
4 Pizarro	50 The Alcald	95 School for Scandal	138 The Way to get Married, 1s.
5 Richard III.	51 The Busy Body	96 The Spoiled Child	139 Turnpike Gate
6 Douglas	52 Tale of Mystery	97 Animal Magnetism	140 Paul and Virginia
7 Suspicious Husband	53 Know your Own Mind	98 Wheel of Fortune	VOL. XXI.
VOL. II.	54 Mayor of Garratt	99 The Critic	141 The Cabinet, 1s.
8 Othello	55 A woman never vent	100 Deaf and Dumb	142 Youthful Queen
9 The Quenna	56 The Maid of the Mill	101 The Castle Spectre	143 Green-eyed monster
10 The Rivals	VOL. IX.	102 The Revenge	144 Country Girl
11 Belle's Stratagem	57 Barber of Seville	103 Midnight Hour	145 Irish Tutor
12 Cymbeline	58 Isabella	104 Speed the Plough, 1s	146 Beaux' Stratagem
13 Venice Preserved	59 Charles the Second	105 Rosina	147 The Will, 1s.
14 The West Indian	60 The Fair Penitent	VOL. XVI.	VOL. XXII.
VOL. III.	61 George Barnwell	106 Monsieur Tonson	148 Irishman in London
15 Much Ado about Nothing	62 The Fall of Algiers	107 Comedy of Errors	149 Recruiting Officer
16 The Hypocrite	63 Der Freischutz	108 The Spectre Bridegroom	150 The Slave, 1s.
17 As You Like it	VOL. X.	109 A Cure for the Heart-ache, 1s.	151 The Devil's Elixir
18 Provoked Husband	64 The Fatal Dowry	110 Amateurs & Actors	152 "Master's Rival"
19 The Beggar's Opera	65 Shepherd of Derwent Vale	111 Inkale and Yarico	153 The Duel
20 Way to Keep Him	66 Father and Son	112 Education	154 William Tell, 1s.
21 The Padlock	67 Wives as they were	VOL. XVII.	VOL. XXIII.
VOL. IV.	68 Lofty Projects	113 Children in the Wood	155 Tom Thumb
22 King John	69 Every Man in his Humour	114 Rendezvous	156 Happiest Day of my Life
23 Henry IV. Part I.	70 Two Galley Slaves	115 Barbarossa	157 Fatality
24 The Wonder	VOL. XI.	116 Gambler's Fate	158 Laugh when you can, 1s.
25 Hamlet	71 Brutus, 1s.	117 Giovanni in London	159 William Thompson
26 Trip to Scarborough	72 Ali Pacha	118 School of Reform 1s	160 Illustrious Stranger
27 The Road to Ruin	73 Twelfth Night	119 Lovers' Vows	161 Soldier's Daughter
28 The Gamester	74 Henry the Fifth	VOL. XVIII.	162 The Waterman
VOL. V.	75 Love in humble life	120 Highland Reel	163 Town and Country
29 The Winter's Tale	76 Child of Nature	121 Two Gentlemen of Verona	VOL. XXIV.
30 Man of the World	77 The Sleep Walker	122 Taming the Shrew	164 No Song no Supper
31 The Inconstant	VOL. XII.	123 Secrets worth knowing, 1s.	165 Lock and Key
32 Love in a Village	78 Orestes in Argos	124 Weathercock	166 Snakes in the Grass
33 Jane Shore	79 Hide and Seek	125 Somnambulist	167 Love, Law & Physic
34 King Henry VIII.	80 Tribulation	126 All's well that ends well	168 Rienzi, 1s.
35 Julius Cæsar	81 The Rival Valets	VOL. XIX.	169 Clari
VOL. VI.	82 Roses and Thorns	127 Artaxerxes	170 The Brigand
36 Merchant of Venice	83 Midas	128 The Serf, 1s.	171 Riches, 1s.
37 Merry Wives of Windsor	84 Rule a Wife and have a Wife	129 The Lancers	172 The Citizen
38 Virginius, 1s.	VOL. XIII.	130 Love for Love	VOL. XXV.
39 Calus Gracchus	85 A Bold Stroke for a Wife	131 The Merchant's Wedding, 1s.	173 Grecian Daughter
40 All in the Wrong	86 Good-natured Man	132 Race for a Dinner	174 Charles the XII.
41 King Lear	87 Oberon	133 Raising the Wind	175 Teddy the Tiler
42 Cato	88 Lord of the Manor	VOL. XX.	176 Popping the Question
VOL. VII.	89 The Honey-Moon	134 Siege of Belgrade	177 The Maid of Judah
43 New way to pay Old Debts	90 Doctor Bolus		178 X. Y. Z.
44 Measure for Measure	91 High Life below stairs		179 Oroonoko
45 The Jealous Wife			180 Honest Thieves
46 The Tempest			181 The Blind Boy
47 Clandestine Marriage			

VOL. XXVI.

182 Notoriety, is.
 183 Matrimony
 184 A Husband at Sight
 185 First of April
 186 John of Paris
 187 The Miller and his Men, is.
 188 Prisoner at Large
 189 Timon of Athens
 190 The Prize
VOL. XXVII.
 191 Henry IV. Part II.
 192 Forty Thieves
 193 My Grandmother
 194 The Vampire
 195 The Farmer
 196 Ella Rosenberg
 197 The Two Friends
 198 Valentine and Orson
 199 Folly as it flies
VOL. XXVIII.
 200 The Robber's Wife
 201 Magpie, or the Maid
 202 Shakspeare's Early Days
 203 Point of Honour
 204 High Ways and By-Ways
 205 The Ice Witch
 206 St. Patrick's Day
 207 The Blind Bargain
 208 Robinson Crusoe
VOL. XXIX.
 209 The Maid of Honour
 210 Sleeping Draught
 211 Timour the Tartar
 212 Modern Antiques
 213 King Richard II.
 214 Mrs. Wiggins
 215 Comfortable Lodgings
 216 The Exile, is.
 217 Day after the Wedding
 218 The Adopted Child
VOL. XXX.
 219 The Bride of Ludgate, is.
 220 Tekeli
 221 Old and Young
 222 The Bee Hive
 223 Hartford Bridge
 224 Two Strings to your Bow
 225 The Haunted Inn
 226 How to grow Rich, is
 227 Fortune's Frolic
 228 The Haunted Tower
VOL. XXXI.
 229 Killing no Murder
 230 Mr. & Mrs. Pringle
 231 The Antiquary is.
 232 Agreeable Surprise
 233 Son-in-Law
 234 Open House
 235 Falls of Clyde
 236 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, by Advertisement
 237 Peeping Tom of Coventry
VOL. XXXII.
 238 Castle of Andalusians
 239 One o'Clock!
 240 Julian, is.

241 Comus
 242 Fontainebleau, is.
 243 English Fleet
 244 The Widow, or who wins
 245 The Camp
 246 Personation
VOL. XXXIII.
 247 Maid or Wife
 248 Castle of Sorrento
 249 Faustus, is.
 250 All at Coventry
 251 Tom and Jerry
 252 Robert the Devil
 253 Lestocq
 254 Cataract of the Ganges
 255 Old Regimentals
VOL. XXXIV.
 256 Presumptive Evidence
 257 Wild Oats
 258 Hit or Miss
 259 Ambition
 260 The Jew and the Doctor
 261 The Knights of the Cross
 262 Is he Jealous?
 263 Hundred Pound Note
 264 Rugantino
 265 The Steward, is.
VOL. XXXV.
 266 Zarah
 267 The Miser
 268 The Iron Chest, is.
 269 The Romp
 270 Mountaineers, is.
 271 The Lottery Ticket
 272 Nettlewig Hall
 273 Quite at Home
 274 Make your Wills
 275 My Husband's Ghost
VOL. XXXVI.
 276 A Bold Stroke for a Husband
 277 Sylvester Dagger-wood
 278 Gil Blas [wood
 279 Aladdin
 280 Blue Beard
 281 John Bull, is.
 282 The Invincibles
 283 Malvina
 284 The Review
 285 Rob Roy

VOL. I. to XXXV.
 may be had in boards,
 Price £8. 11s. 6d.

CUMBERLAND'S Minor Theatre.

VOL. I.

1 The Pilot
 2 Heart of Mid-lothian
 3 Inchcape Bell
 4 Mason of Buda
 5 The Scapgrace
 6 Suil Dhuv the coiner
 7 The Earthquake
 8 "My Old Woman"
 9 Massianello

VOL. II.

10 Don Giovanni
 11 Paul Jones
 12 Luke the Labourer
 13 Crazy Jane
 14 Flying Dutchman
 15 Yes!!!
 16 Forest Oracle
 17 Ivanhoe
 18 Floating Beacon

VOL. III.

19 Sylvana
 20 Tom Bowling
 21 Innkeeper of Abbeville
 22 Lady of the Lake
 23 Billy Taylor
 24 Two Gregories
 25 Wandering Boys
 26 Paris and London
 27 A Day after the Fair

VOL. IV.

28 Humphrey Clinker
 29 Mischief-Making
 30 Joan of Arc
 31 The Ruffian Boy
 32 Fortunes of Nigel
 33 The Wreck
 34 Every-body's Husband
 35 Banks of the Hudson
 36 Guy Faux

VOL. V.

37 The Devil's Ducat
 38 Mazeppa
 39 Mutiny at the Nore
 40 Pedlar's Acre
 41 "No!!!"
 42 Peveril of the Peak
 43 Thalaba
 44 Waverley
 45 Winning a Husband

VOL. VI.

46 Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol
 47 Paul Clifford
 48 Damon and Pythias
 49 Three Hunchbacks
 50 Tower of Nesle
 51 Sworn at Ilighgate
 52 Mary Glastonbury
 53 The Red Rover
 54 Golden Farmer

VOL. VII.

55 Grace Huntley
 56 "The Sea!"
 57 Clerk of Clerkenwell
 58 The Hut of the Red Mountain
 59 John Street, Adelphi
 60 Lear of Private Life
 61 John Overy

62 The Spare Bed
 63 Smuggler's daughter
VOL. VIII.

64 Cedar Chest
 65 Wardock Kennilson
 66 The Shadow
 67 Ambrose Gwinnett
 68 Gilderoy
 69 Fate of Calas
 70 The Young Reefer
 71 The Revolt of the Workhouse
 72 The Man and the Marquis
VOL. IX.

73 Gipsy Jack
 74 Lurline
 75 The Fire Raiser
 76 The Golden Calf
 77 Man-Fred
 78 Charcoal Burner
 79 "My Poll and my Partner Joe"
 80 The Sixes
 81 Good-Looking Fellow [Moon
 82 The Wizard of the Woods
VOL. X.

83 The Roof Scramble
 84 Diamond Arrow
 85 Robber of the Rhine
 86 Eugene Aram
 87 The Eddystone Light
 88 My Wife's Husband
 89 Married Bachelor
 90 Shakspeare's Festival
 91 Van Dieman's Land
 92 Le Pauvre Jacques
VOL. XI.

93 Rochester
 94 The Ocean of Life
 95 An Uncle too many
 96 The Wild Man
 97 Rover's Bride
 98 Beggar of Cripple-gate
 99 Paul the Poacher
 100 Thomas à Becket
 101 The Pestilence of Marseilles
 102 Unfortunate Miss Bailey
VOL. XII.

103 Humpbacked Lover
 104 Bound Prentice to a Waterman
 105 March of Intellect
 106 Joconde
 107 The Kœnig
 108 Shipwreck of the Medusa
 109 Chain of Guilt
 110 Ion
 111 Mistletoe Bough
 112 My Friend Thompson

VOL. I. to XI. may be had in boards
 Price £2. 16s.